

Good Morning 263

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch



A.B. Robert Bestford — Margaret's getting ready

IT'S your fiancee, Margaret Pounder, with the pan, and she is under a good tutor, your mother.

When the "Good Morning" photographer called at your home in Gladstone Street, Sunderland, she was busy at the stove, and young Tommy was there having a good look each time she took the pan from the fire.

He's still busy fattening up the rabbits for when you get home again, but all he would say was, "I dinna knaa what to say to Bob."

All's well at home, Robert. They are all hoping to see Good Hunting!

you before Margaret joins the Services.

Freddy Cartledge called to see how you were getting on.

Mum sends her love, with last word, "Bet you are missing your bananas," while Margaret said, "I already have some razor blades in case you come home with whiskers. Remember, you came home without your shaving kit last time."

All's well at home, Robert.

They are all hoping to see Good Hunting!

**The £. S.D.
OF IT
Flowers**

EIGHTY per cent. of the ground which used to grow flowers for the vases of Britain now grows vegetables for its tables. In the remaining space are the bulbs, bushes and plants which will be the "parents" of the flowers wanted as soon as peace comes.

Up to 1939, Britain was estimated to spend £15,000,000 a year on cut flowers. Although the space devoted to flowers is now less than one-fifth, the value of the flowers produced has increased several hundred per cent., so that £10,000,000 would be a conservative estimate of the sum spent.

One hundred thousand people were engaged in the flower industry, and the production of cut daffodils, etc., was estimated in tons, with 60,000 blooms to the ton.

Britain had cheaper cut flowers of quality than any other country. Large daffodils were grown, cut, packed, carried 300 miles to London, wholesaled, and then retailed by street vendors at twopence a dozen! Five hundred million blooms of spring flowers were sent to our large cities.

The flower industry is a comparatively new one in Britain. Its value 35 years

raised for the cut flower trade was given at £250,000 a year.

The boom in British cut flowers began in 1931, when duties on imported flowers were imposed. But there was a huge importation of bulbs and plants to increase our own growing industry. Nearly

1,000,000,000 bulbs were imported in 1936, against 464,000,000 in 1930.

W. H. Millier continues BATTLING SIKI'S AMAZING STORY

BATTLING SIKI was now a celebrity. As he was no ordinary negro, he must needs have several sizes larger in hats and wear clothes that would speak for themselves. He was hitting the headlines with a vengeance.

Each day he hit upon something fresh to call attention to himself; and he reached new heights on the day he cleared a crowded cocktail bar when he walked in with an enormous lion on a chain.

He had strolled through the streets of Paris with his lion in much the same manner as his original discoverer had done several years earlier with the little black "lamb" that was to grow into Carpenter's bête noire.

SIKI'S SIZE.

Siki was light-heavy-weight champion of the world and he intended to let the world know. He was entirely irresponsible. Despite the fact that he was legally signed up to M. Hellers, who was his rightful manager, he signed agreements right and left for other opportunists to manage his affairs.

This kept the lawyers busy, and even they became bewildered when they wanted some business with his manager.

Whilst all this was going on in Paris, Francois Descamps paid a visit to London. I saw him on his arrival and noted the additional grey hairs following that sensational affair at Montrouge. The old mischievous grin and buoyant manner had gone.

He was sorely afflicted by Carpenter's defeat and the way it had been brought about, and would have given half his fortune to have been able to blot it out. He knew, he was too wise not to have known, that no sympathy would be wasted on the French champion.

I wanted to get the inside story from him, as I felt sure he would tell me the truth. When I asked him about Siki's story of the "frame-up," he told me what happened. There was hardly any need to remind me that Carpenter would never want to ask such a poor specimen as Siki to lay down to him.

AND DESCAMPS' SIGHS.

In fact, Georges regarded the negro as so easy to beat that for the first time in his career he neglected his training.

Flower bulbs do not to-day fetch the fantastic prices running into thousands for a single bulb paid by speculators during the "tulipomania" of the 17th century. A single bulb of a new variety may be worth between £25 to £250.

Growers who have given up ground for vegetables now have a few hundred bulbs worth many thousands of pounds growing in a patch the size of a cottage garden.

Not only tulips and daffodils, but other favoured cut flowers of new variety are worth fantastic sums. Fifty amaryllis bulbs bought by Blackpool parks in 1929 for £50 were valued in 1937 at £1,000.

The English carnation, "Marquess of Headfort," was valued at £1,000 when exhibited in New York. Orchids exhibited by Sir William Cooke in 1937 were valued at £500 each, or £3,000 for the collection.

Total value of orchids raised for the cut flower trade was given at £250,000 a year.

The boom in British cut flowers began in 1931, when duties on imported flowers were imposed. But there was a huge importation of bulbs and plants to increase our own growing industry. Nearly

ing and—surely that could be dromedary. Both had fought at the Boche in the horrible mud of Flanders and northern France.

That was bad, of course, but it might not have mattered so much if he had gone out to knock out his opponent in the first round, as he could easily have done.

Now, this is what happened: Siki, who was scared stiff, sent to ask Carpenter if he would allow the contest to go three rounds in order that the pictures would be worth more money.

This flattered Carpenter and appealed to his vanity. Although he looked upon Siki as a yellow dog, he agreed to the request. After all, three rounds—a mere exhibition—was nothing. It would have been like that, if only Georges had trained. You know what happened. It was a tragedy.

I felt sorry for Descamps, the man who had spent the best years of his life in elevating Carpenter from the gutter to the highest pinnacle in French pugilism, only to see him toppled over at the height of his fame by a negro who had never learned how to box. Small wonder that he wept.

Who could have blamed him if he had parted company with Carpenter? For some time prior to this Carpenter had begun to "high-hat" his grand old manager. He was the boss and would do as he willed.

Descamps was loyalty itself where his beloved Georges was concerned, and he bore it all without a word of complaint.

He had come over from France to ask Major Wilson, at that time London's leading promoter, to stage a contest in London in order that Carpenter might be able to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of the boxing world. His Georges could not possibly retire at this stage with that dreadful affair with Siki standing on the records for all time as the last fight of a famous champion. Anything but that.

STARTED A PLAN.

Major Wilson for his part would have gladly let Carpenter stew in his own juice if that boxer had not been so inextricably bound up with Descamps.

AND DESCAMPS' SIGHS.

You see, Wilson liked Descamps and they had much in common, although they were as dissimilar as a drake and a

hen. At all events, Wilson agreed to build up a big show which would enable Carpenter to do something to efface the memory of the Siki stigma; and a heap of trouble he piled on himself in so doing. He searched far and wide for a likely opponent, but most of the heavyweights he named were turned down by Carpenter, who evidently still regarded himself as something of an emperor.

It was not until they were talking over their war experiences a year or so later that it came out that it was the Maison Descamps in which Major Wilson had stayed so long.

At all events, Wilson agreed

to build up a big show which

would enable Carpenter to do

something to efface the memory

of the Siki stigma; and a heap

of trouble he piled on himself

in so doing. He searched far

and wide for a likely oppo-

nent, but most of the heavy-

weights he named were turned

down by Carpenter, who evi-

dently still regarded himself

as something of an emperor.

At the time under review it

was exceedingly difficult for

a promoter to book dates at

the only two large halls

available for big fights. These

were Olympia and the Royal

Albert Hall. Eventually our

heavy-weight champion of

the day, Joe Beckett, was the

lamb chosen for the slaughter.

All the available dates, and

many more, were wasted be-

fore this pair met in the ring

for the second time, and all

that constitutes another story.

When Carpenter had, for some

reason or other turned down

the fixture, Major Wilson had

to fill in the date, and having

Beckett signed to a contract,

he thought it would be a good

idea to substitute Siki for Car-

pentier.

It was a good idea. In fact,

it was the biggest winner he

had ever backed as a promo-

ter, but he was never per-

mitted to draw his winnings.

There had been no need for

any publicity except to keep

Siki in the limelight. That

bright spark had kept the wires

burning with the record of his

doings in Paris ever since the

sensational episode at Mont-

rouge, and he was still right

in the public eye.

AND A H.O. BAN.

No sooner was it announced that Battling Siki had been

invited to the Emerald Isle,

but it necessitated the schem-

ing of a score or more of

brains between the issuing of

the invitation and its accept-

ance. To be truthful, it never

was accepted in the real mean-

ing of the word.

THE WORDING RAN . . .

Siki had heard all about Southern Ireland in the period just before the establishment of the Irish Free State. He had heard (long before Goering had imagined he had coined a phrase) that in that pleasant land guns were more plentiful than butter and that shots came first and questions afterwards.

Siki had heard this and much more. It is not surprising, therefore, that his answer to the Irish invitation, translated into George Bernard Shaw's English, was, "Not bloody likely."

How was Siki to know that it is not a national characteristic of Irishmen to take "NO" for an answer? Particularly when it is an invitation to the fight.

J.S. Newcombe's

Short odd—But True

All racehorses on the English turf or at the stud are descended from three horses brought to this country during the reign of William the Third. They were the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian, and the Godolphin Barb.

Cinchona, or Peruvian bark, is the tree from which quinine is derived, and it takes its name from a Countess of Chinchon, vicereine of Peru in 1638. The Dutch East Indies has a virtual monopoly of quinine, and since their occupation by the Japanese a substitute has been found which is reported to be several times more potent than quinine itself.

Eclairs at Dragon's Party

In their island home of Komodo, south-east of Java, they grow to twenty feet. They reached a much greater size in prehistoric times.

Dragons have always been regarded as mythical creatures. It was not until 1912 that zoologists discovered them, working on information brought back from Komodo by a pearl-fishing craft.

Sumbawa died before his



J. S. Newcombe

THE PRESIDENT MUST DIE!

THE Prince buried his face in his hands, and remained silent.

"I am almost rejoiced," continued the Colonel, "to know that he is dead. But for our young man of the cream tarts I confess my heart bleeds."

"Geraldine," said the Prince, raising his face, "that unhappy lad was last night as innocent as you and I; and this morning the guilt of blood is on his soul. When I think of the President, my heart grows sick within me. I do not know how it shall be done, but I shall have that scoundrel at my mercy as there is a God in heaven. What an experience, what a lesson, was that game of cards!"

"One," said the Colonel, "never to be repeated."

The Prince remained so long without replying that Geraldine grew alarmed.

"You cannot mean to return," he said. "You have suffered too much and seen too much horror already. The duties of your high position forbid the repetition of the hazard."

"There is much in what you say," replied Prince Florizel, "and I am not altogether pleased with my own determination. Alas! in the clothes of the greatest potentate, what is there but a man? Can I leave the President to follow his nefarious career unwatched? Tonight, once more, we take our places at the table of the Suicide Club."

The club, on this second evening, was not so fully attended, and when Geraldine and the Prince arrived there were not above half-a-dozen persons in the smoking-room. His Highness took the President aside and congratulated him warmly on the demise of Mr. Malthus.

"I like," he said, "to meet with capacity, and certainly find much of it in you. Your profession is of a very delicate nature, but I see you are well qualified to conduct it with success and secrecy."

The President was somewhat

..... Concluding

THE YOUNG MAN WITH THE CREAM TARTS

affected by these compliments from one of his Highness's superior bearing. He acknowledged them almost with humility.

"Poor Malthus!" he added. "I shall hardly know the club without him. The most of my patrons are boys, sir, and poetical boys, who are not much company for me."

The young man of the cream tarts was in the room, but painfully depressed and silent. His late companions sought in vain to lead him into conversation.

"How bitterly I wish," he cried, "that I had never brought you to this infamous abode! Wish me, if you have any kindness to so fallen a being—wishes the ace of spades for me to-night!"

A few more members

dropped in as the evening went on, but the club did not muster more than the Devil's dozen when they took their places at the table.

"Attention, gentlemen!" said the President, and he began to deal.

Three times the cards went all round the table, and neither of the marked cards had yet fallen from his hand. The excitement as he began the fourth distribution was overwhelming. There were just cards enough to go once more entirely round.

The Prince, who sat second from the dealer's left, would receive, in the reverse mode of dealing practised at the club, the second last card. Geraldine, who sat upon the Prince's left, turned his card; it was the ace, but the ace of hearts.

When Prince Florizel saw his fate upon the table in front of him his heart stood still. He was a brave man, but the sweat poured off his face. There were exactly fifty chances out of a hundred that he was doomed.

is vested in his person for the night. And now," added the President, "I wish you a pleasant walk."

Florizel acknowledged the salutation rather awkwardly and took his leave.

At the corner of Box Court three men fell upon Prince Florizel and he was unmercifully thrust into a carriage, which at once drove rapidly away. There was already an occupant.

"Will your Highness pardon my zeal?" said a well-known voice.

The Prince threw himself upon the Colonel's neck in a passion of relief.

"How can I ever thank you?" he cried. "And how was this effected?"

"You can thank me effectively enough," replied the Colonel, "by avoiding all such dangers in the future. And as for your second question, all has been managed by the simplest means. I arranged this afternoon with a celebrated detective. Secrecy has been promised and paid for. Your own servants have been principally engaged in the affair.

The house in Box Court has been surrounded since nightfall, and this, which is one of your own carriages, has been awaiting you for nearly an hour."

"And the miserable creature who was to have slain me—what of him?" inquired the Prince.

"He was pinioned as he left the club," replied the Colonel, "and now awaits your sentence at the Palace, where he will soon be joined by his accomplices."

There was a pause, during which the carriage continued to speed through the streets, and the two men were each buried in his own reflections. The silence was broken by Colonel Geraldine.

"Your Highness," said he, "has by this time a considerable body of prisoners. There is at least one criminal among the number to whom justice should be dealt. Our oath forbids us all recourse to law; and discretion would forbid it equally if the oath were loosened. May I inquire your Highness's intention?"

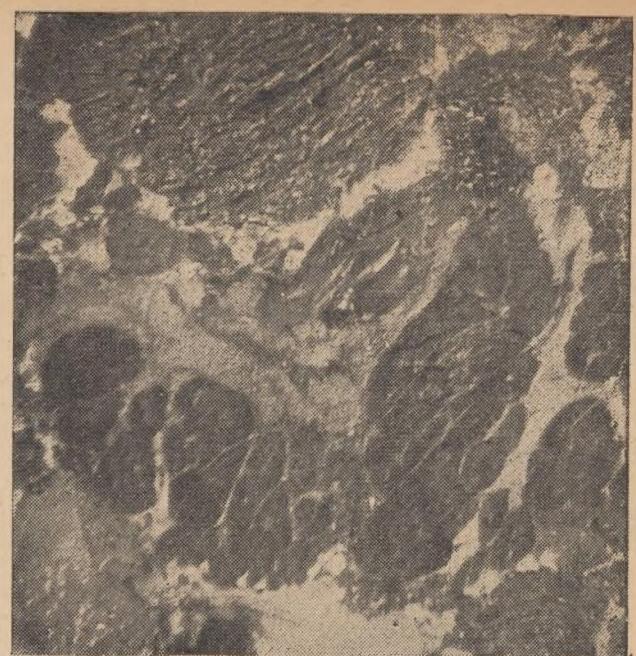
"It is decided," answered Florizel; "the President must fall in duel. It only remains to choose his adversary."

Will your Highness permit me to ask the appointment of my brother?" asked the Colonel. "It is an honourable post, but I dare assure your Highness that the lad will acquit himself with credit."

At that moment the carriage rolled under the archway of the Prince's splendid residence.

An hour after, Florizel, in his official robes, and covered with the orders of Bohemia, received the members of the Suicide Club.

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 262: A Cabbage.

WANGLING WORDS—218

- Put storms in GEND and make a town in Kent.
- Rearrange the letters of SHOUT YE and make an English poet.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: FACT into LINES, LILY into LONG, FLY into WEB, SPOT into TOPS.
- How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from PREDESTINATION?

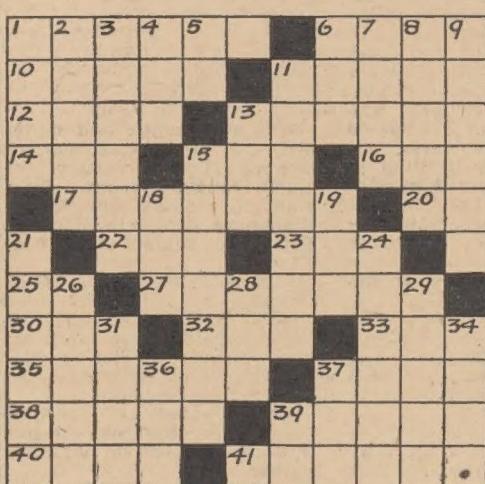
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 217

- PrestON.
- PHILADELPHIA.
- BATS, BASS, BOSS, BOAS, BOAR, SOAR, STAR, STAB, CROW, CROP, COOP, COOT, FOOT, FORT, FORE, FARE, BARE, BARS.
- CARE, CART, PART, PORT, PERT, PEAT, BEAT, BEET, FEET, FRET, FREE, SAVE, SATE, SITE, SIRE, SURE, CURE, CURL, FURL, FUEL.

- Tone, Note, Cone, Cote, Cent, Tent, Disc, Dost, Dent, Tend, Tons, Tide, Diet, Dine, Node, Done, etc.
- Tenet, Coins, Dines, Tends, Tonic, Scone, Cones, Dents, Cited, Tents, Stint, Scion, Noted, etc.

END

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- Poltroon.
- Fellow.
- Proverb.
- Pale colour.
- Floor covering.
- Archer.
- Sludge.
- Groove.
- Fastening.
- Keepsake.
- Behold.
- Lark.
- Full hard.
- Morning.
- Number.
- Woe begone.
- Cover.
- Difficult.
- Climbing plant
- Woven strip.
- Yellow resin.
- Watching.
- Suffice.
- Obvious.

CLUES DOWN.

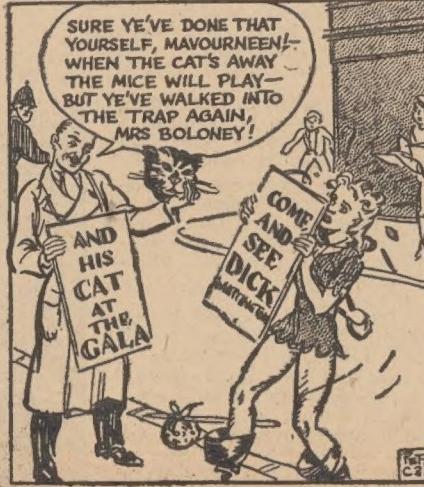
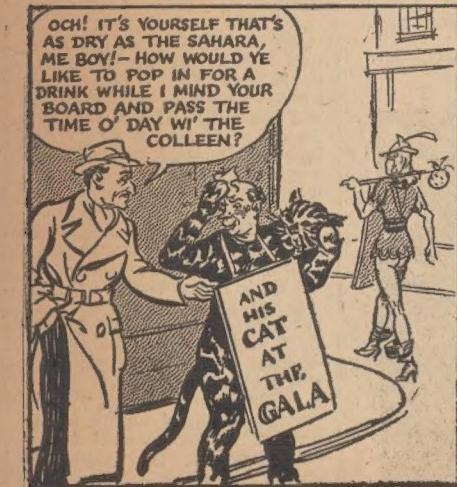
- Serene.
- Dislike.
- Stray.
- Past.
- About.
- Crows cry.
- Protruberance.
- Benefit.
- Flag.
- With blotsches of colour.
- Symmetrical.
- Chess piece.
- Possessive pronoun.
- Dependant.
- Vehicle building.
- Parent.
- Mingle.
- Garden plant.
- Colloquial cash.
- Connecting strap.
- Permit.
- Virginia for short.

TEAM WARES
ORDERED NUB
TROD BUNDLE
ARI BROUTE
LANCET TEAR
ZAGAPE N
CAST REPEAL
ALTER TAX U
REASON PIES
PAR PIKELET
STEEL RELY

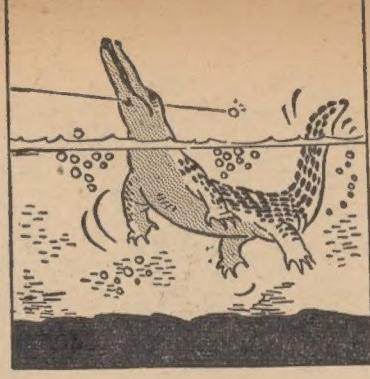


"Yah! Windy! It's one of ours!"

JANE



ZEZUB JONES



News From Nowhere

By ODO DREW

UNDERGROUND WARFARE.

I AM told, though there is considerable doubt in my mind as to the accuracy of the information, that the recent intensive campaign against London sewer rats was planned in the hope of exterminating a gang of German "saboteur" rats recently dropped in this country from German aeroplanes. (Incidentally, the rodents were attached to their tiny parachutes by rat-lines.)

The rats are stated to have undergone special training in Germany, where they were housed in sewers built in P.O.W. camps on the English model.

Samples of food are said to have been abstracted from Red Cross parcels to familiarise the rats with English food.

In charge of the invaders is a rat named Josef, after Dr. Goebbels, to whom he is not very distantly related. He was for a while engaged in underground work in France, and carried on there until the rise of Laval to his present position rendered his duties superfluous.

Josef, a fanatical Nazi, is said to be a glutton for work.

WRITE TO AUNT FANNIE.

FOR some time past "Good Morning" has been organising a special department to give advice and help to readers in any troubles they may have. That there has been delay is due to the fact that the qualifications of the person in charge must be of the very highest.

Eventually the applicants were reduced to two—one the Editor's Nannie and the other, my Aunt Fannie.

Aunt Fannie has got the job. She is elderly, a spinster and a teetotaller, and lives by herself in a small cottage in the Outer Hebrides.

She may thus be depended upon to give advice that is absolutely unprejudiced and unbiased on any subject from unrequited love to astigmatism.

As she is hardly likely to understand any of the queries addressed to her, complete secrecy is assured.

So tell all your troubles in future to "My Aunt Fannie," c/o "Good Morning." Why worry any longer? Let your Aunt Fannie do the worrying. (The old bag!)

A NEW MINISTRY.

GREAT things are expected (of course) of the new Ministry of Reports on Commissions' Reports, in which the Minister is Professor Toad, Dr. Droolian Ucklesley, the Parliamentary Secretary, and Commander Gamble, the Permanent Secretary.

As is well known, Commissions are appointed from time to time to report on various matters; and, as is equally well known, their reports are, after a more or less decent interval, pigeon-holed.

That method has aroused considerable dissatisfaction, hence the new Ministry, which will report on the report of these Commissions.

In future the report, which will be in due course shelved, will not be the report of the Commission, but the Ministry's report on the Commission's report. This, it is felt, will obviate any feeling on the part of the members of the Commission that their labours have been treated in somewhat cavalier fashion.

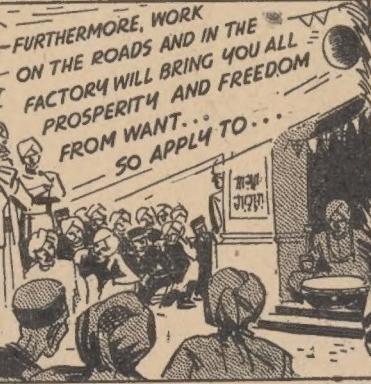
It is, as will be realised, a development of the "double shuffle" principle which has worked so successfully in many other departments, and there is no reason to suspect that it will prove less effective in the new Ministry.

By the way, the first Commission to be reported on will be the bookmakers.

THE HONOURS LIST.

NO member of the staff of "Good Morning" appeared in the recent Honours List.

BELINDA



POPEYE



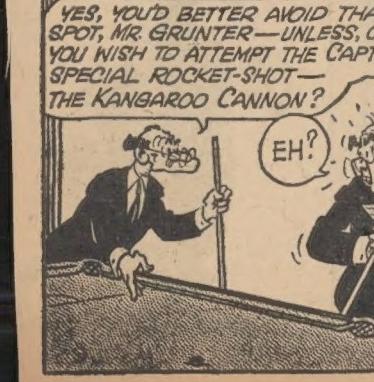
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



"When would I like my bath?—Well, my time's your time, miss—!"

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed
to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

IT'S A "PIECE OF CAKE"

"But boy, oh boy, in the hands of 'spitfire' Lupe Velez it's a mere missile, without the chance of a miss."



This England

Zummerzet again. An old thatched cottage, as seen from the village pond at Seavington, Somerset.



FAIRY TALE?

"And casually taking an egg, she broke it and dropped it into her cup."



FEET FIRST

"Well, there's nothing like cleanliness, but we can't say the taste of the drinking water is improved."



"What on earth can it be? What great big eyes it's got. Did you see the way it jumped from right over there?"

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"There'll be trouble 'afot'."

